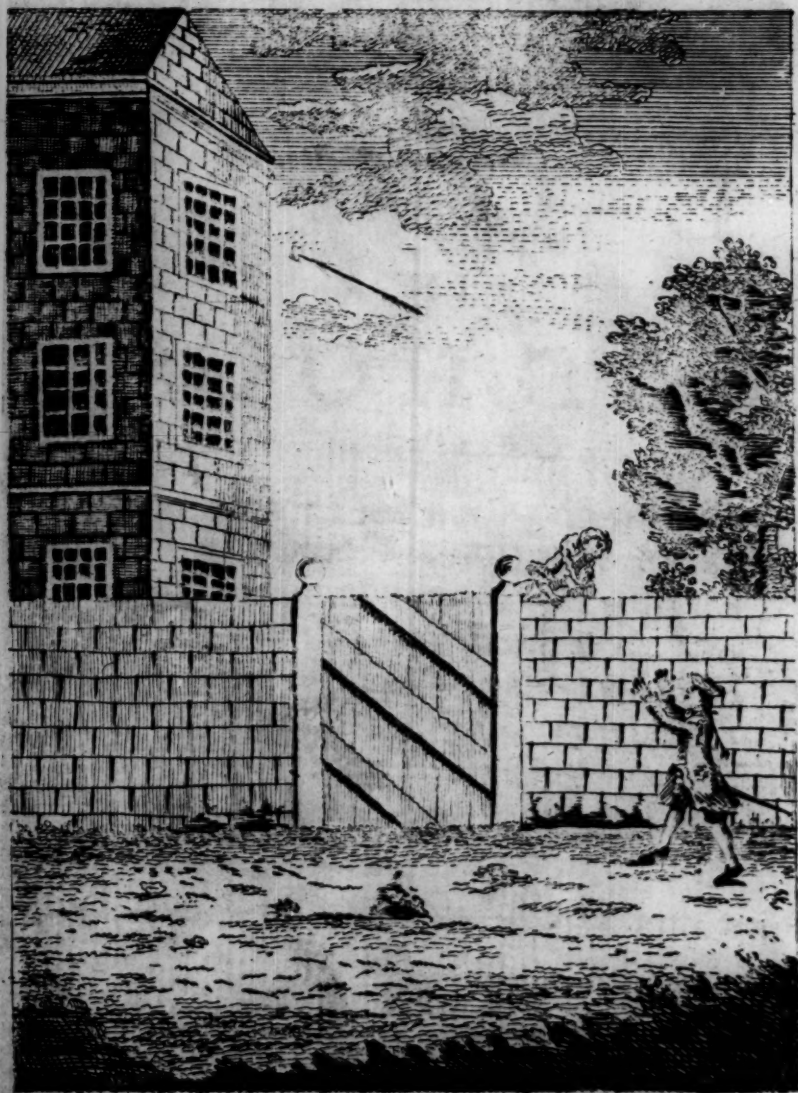
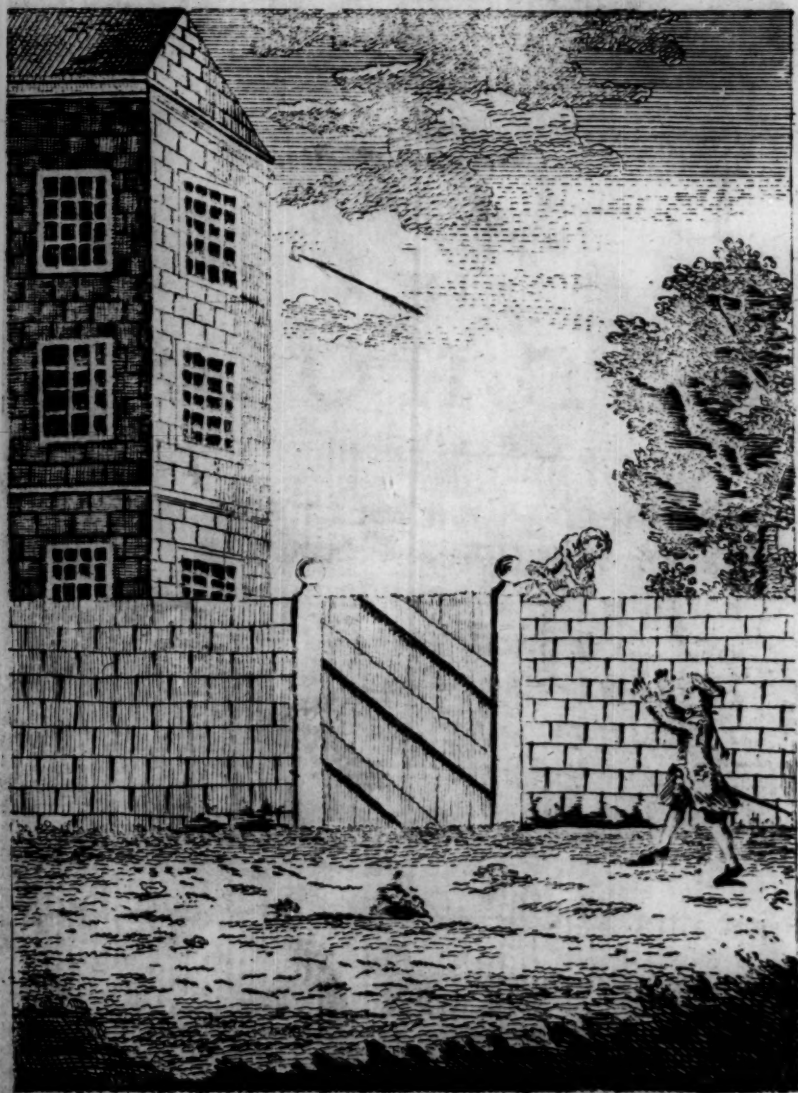


Engrav'd for Love in a Mad-house



*Bailey, Printer, at the Ship and Crown in Leadenhall Street;
Prints Tradesmens Bills &c. at the Letter Press, and off Copper Plate.*

Engrav'd for Love in a Mad-house



Bailey, Printer, at the Ship and Crown in Leadenhall Street;
Prints Tradesmens Bills &c. at the Letter Press, and off Copper Plate.

T H E
Distress'd Orphan:
O R,
L O V E
I N A
M A D-H O U S E.

—No Lover has the power
To enforce a desperate Amour,
Like him that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too:
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit;
Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the Trouble.

HUDIBRASS.

L O N D O N:

Sold at T. Bailey's Printing-Office, the Ship and Crown, Leaden-
hall street, where Tradesmens Bills are Printed neat and
reasonable.

T H E

Disfranchisement

O F

L O V E

I N A

M A D - H O U S E

No Love but the power
To enforce a desperate demand
Like him that has two strings to his bow
And swears for Love and Money too
For him his power cannot be
Lying to a ruler in his state
That all his power and authority
And hangs on a string with half the weight
His power

L O V E

Sold at T. Fisher's Printing Office, the City of London
Printed and Published by T. Fisher, at the Sign of the Crown
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1711.

Distress'd Orphan:

Love in a Mad-House.

ANNILIA was the Daughter of an eminent Merchant of a City, which boasts of more wealthy Men of that Profession than perhaps any other part of the World: She had the misfortune to lose both her Parents before she arrived at an Age capable of knowing what it was to be an Orphan; and, indeed, the Care and Tenderness with which she was treated by her Guardian, who was also her Uncle, left her for a time no possibility of regretting her Condition; perceiving she had a Genius rare to be found in a Person of her Sex, he had the best Masters to instruct her in the *French, Latin, and Italian* Tongues, as also in the more ordinary Accom-

ishments of her Sex, such as Musick, Dancing, Singing, and many fine Works; in all which she grew so early a Proficient, that People scarce knew which most to admire, her extraordinary Capacity, or the uncommon Care and Indulgence with which her Uncle studied to improve it. But alas! a little time discovered that *Girardo*, for so he was called, had other Views than those he at present made a show of, and that it was not merely for her own sake that he endeavoured to embellish her Mind.

He had a Son named *Horatio*, about six Years elder than *Annalia*; they were bred together, and from their most tender Ages he endeavoured to inspire in the Breast of both a mutual Tenderness for each other; whether in the Study of the Dancing-School, they scarce were ever asunder; the same Tutors and Masters instructed both, and in all the Improvements and Diversions of their Youth, they still went equal Sharers. The manner of proceeding could not but create a very great Fondness between them, which he observing, doubted not but when they came to Years capable of entertaining other Desires, they would be possessed of such as the great Fortune *Annalia* was to be Mistress of, made him wish to inspire in them. He communicated not his Designs to any one till she was arrived at his Age, of fourteen, about which time *Horatio* was twenty, and then thinking it a fitting Season, resolved no longer to delay the Accomplishment of them. His Son was the first Person whose Inclinations

tions he thought proper to sound, and taking him one Day in his Cloſet, *Horatio*, ſaid he, I have obſerved of late a Kindneſs between you and your fair Couſin; which makes me think there is ſomething in your Hearts more tender for each other, than what the Ties of Blood occaſions; if it be ſo, I would not have you make a Secret of it, I know no body more deſerving the warmeſt Affections than *Annilia*, and you need not doubt my Conſent to your mutual Happineſs. Nothing could be more ſurprized than was *Horatio* at this Demand; beautiful and witty as this young Charmer was, he had never been ſenſible of any other Inclinations for her, than ſuch as a Brother might avow for a Siſter, nor had ſo much as once thought of her in the manner his Father ſeem'd to intimate. The little Heſitation which he made in anſwering, confirmed his Father in the Truth of what he ſaid, and he found that the Meaſures he had taken had not been altogether ſo effectual as he could have wiſhed, or had hoped: Well, but, reſumed he, ſuppoſe 'tis my Deſire to ſee you the Husband of *Annilia*, you would not ſure incur my Diſpleaſure, by reſuſing me that Proof of your Obedience. *Horatio*, who, tho' far from feeling the Emotions of a Lover, had a juſt Regard and Friendſhip for her, preſently replied, that he ſhould not be refractory to his Commands, too it were to ſomething more difficult than this; declaring at the ſame Time, that tho' he had no Inclinations for entering into that State he mentioned,

mentioned, yet since it was his pleasure he should do so, he would comply without Reluctance. You little study your own Interest, if you do not, said *Giraldo*; the Estate which *Annalia* is possessed of, joined to your own, will make you the greatest Man that ever has been of our Family. 'Tis therefore my Desire, that if you cannot in reality entertain a Passion for her, you will at least feign to have done so; and while you are disposing yourself for that purpose, I will prepare her for the Declaration you are to make. *Horatio* having once more assured him of his Obedience, went out of the Room, and *Annalia* being that Moment passing by, was called in by *Giraldo*, and after reminding her of the Obligations she had to him for the Care he had taken of her Education, and the fatherly Tenderness of his Behaviour to her, My dear Niece! said he, I speak not these things to you, as doubting your grateful Acknowledgment, but because that the Remembrance of my Kindness may make you know that 'tis impossible for to advise you to any thing, which I am not confident is not for your Good. — You are now of an Age which will expose you to Temptations greater than at present you can have Notion of — my House will soon be crowded with a great number of those, whom either the Charms of your Person or Estate will induce to call themselves your Lovers. — Young as you are, you cannot but have observed how many have been deceived by a fictitious Pretence of that Passion

— a Woman therefore cannot too early put herself out of the way of these Deluders, by Marriage, provided she has an Offer which those who have the Care of her, find to her Advantage. — What say you, *Annilih*, pursued he, have you ever yet had any serious Thoughts of a Husband? The innocent Maid blushed extremely at an Interrogatory she so little expected; but having a little recovered herself from her Confusion, Pardon me, Sir! said she, if I think a Question of this kind pretty odd to a Person of my Years, who has never borrowed so much time from those Studies you have been so good to preserve to me, as to think on things so far remote as Love and Marriage, and which perhaps 'twill never be my Lot to experience. That were to disappoint the End for which you were created, replied *Girardo*; nor will you long retain Sentiments like these; to prevent therefore an Alteration in them in favour of some Man unworthy of you, I would have you endeavour to settle your Affections on one, who you are certain will always love you, and who is your Equal in every thing but Wealth. Still as he spoke, the Confusion of *Annilih* increased, she blushed, she trembled, Shame and Fear by turns assailed her, yet was she not presently able to account for either; but not being perfectly assured whether her Uncle spoke in this manner to try her Temper, or if he were really in earnest. As I cannot comprehend what 'tis you mean, Sir, said she, I am at a loss to give a direct Reply; but of
this

this am very certain, that to whatever you think for my good, I shall submit with readiness, having learnt thus much from my Studies, that I shall never be able to know so well what is best for me, as those do, from whom I received that Knowledge which I have. This Modesty becomes you, returned he, would all young Women yield to the Reasons of their Friends with like Humility, how few of your Sex would mourn the sad Effects of ill-placed Love! But why, *Annalia*, continued he, do you think yourself too young to marry, you see nothing is more common than for Persons of your Age too enter into that State? Is it because you are willing to wait till some violent Passion instigates you to it? Or have you an Aversion to the Name of Wife? Neither, Sir, answered she, I faithfully assure you: As for the first, I look on myself to be of a Humour, which will never suffer me to fall into those Extravagancies I have been witness of in some of my Acquaintance; and as for the other, I am so far from having any dislike to a Married-State, that I believe it the most happy of any, provided there be no disparity either in the Minds or Fortunes of the Pair so united. What think you then, said he, of *Horatio*? I know of no great Inequality between my Son and you——Your Tempers have hitherto been perfectly agreeable to each other——He is, indeed, at present less possessed of the Goods of Fortune; but in time, perhaps, he may not be unworthy of you even in that

that Respect. My Cousin! cried she, strangely amazed. Yes, pursued *Giraldo*, he has this Moment revealed to me the Passion he has for you, tho' the Respect which always accompanies true Love, has hitherto kept him from declaring it to yourself.—What say you, my dear Niece! added he, must he Despair? Will not all the Friendship you have received from his Father, joined to his own Merits and unbounded Affection, be sufficient to compensate for what he wants in Riches. O think me not, answered she, of so mean and sordid a Soul, as to prefer Wealth and Grandeur to those Virtues *Horatio* is possessed of.—My Cousin has certainly all the good Qualities a Woman would wish to find in him she chuses for a Companion for Life; and if I did not immediately guess him to be the Person, when you described the Man to whom you wished to see me joined in Wedlock, it was only because of the Affinity between us—Methinks we are too near already by Blood, to be made more near by Marriage. Not in the least, said *Giraldo*, there is no Law either divine or human which forbids the Nuptials of Brothers Children—I could instance many Examples of the greatest and the best to prove it is allowed by all Religions; but I hope, continued he, they are needless: The Precepts which I have always endeavoured to instill in your Mind, are such as will give you no ground to think I would persuade you to an Act either unwarrantable or disadvantageous. I

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have

have done with my Objections, Sir! replied *Annalia*; but give me leave to think on what you have said, and in obedience to your Desires, will endeavour to convert that sisterly Affection, which at present warms my Heart, to something more soft and passionate in favour of *Horatio*. She had no sooner spoke these Words, than she went out of the Closet, leaving *Giraldo* perfectly satisfied with the Conversation which had passed between them.

After this, the Father and Son redoubled the Civilities with which they had been accustomed to treat her; and the latter of them omitted nothing of those Arts which Men make use of, when they would be thought passionately in Love. She listened neither with pleasure nor disquiet to the Declarations he made her, and 'tis not to be doubted but that she would in a little time have yielded to become his Wife, had not that Passion, to which she hitherto had been a Stranger, on a sudden interposed and made her sensible that there were Joys in Marriage, which the faint Esteem she could bring herself to feel for *Horatio*, would never let her experience with him.

An Entertainment being given at the House of a neighbouring Lady, *Horatio* and *Annalia* were among the number of the Invited, as was also a fine young Gentleman lately arrived from a Foreign Country, where he had passed some time in the Exercise of Arms; tho' bred to War, he was not ignorant of the Accomplishments which grace a Court,

Court, and to the most agreeable Person in the World, he had also added all the Perfections which make Conversation pleasing. *Annilia* looked on him as something Divine, and from the Moment of his first entering the Room, felt Agitations such as she never before had been acquainted with, nor did he view her with less Amaze, not all his Travels had presented him with an Object so engaging; never did the God of Love send swifter or more piercing Darts, than those he now fixed in the Hearts of this equally charmed Pair. — Both as yet were too much Strangers to the Passion they had so lately entertained, to know the Reason of so strange an Alteration in themselves, much less had they the power of making use of any Artifice to conceal it from the Observation of others: But Colonel *Marathon*, for by that Name shall I distinguish this young Hero, whether it were to his being some Years older than *Annilia*, or that his Emotions were more violent than hers, that he owed being the first Discoverer of their mutual Passion, is uncertain; but long it was not before he not only knew he was a Lover, but also that the beautiful Object of his Affections looked not on him with the Eyes of Indifference; and this Encouragement, joined to the becoming Boldness of his Profession, took from him those little Fears, which generally accompany the first Thrillings of Inclination, and compel the over-awed Adorer to restrain his Languishments, and carefully conceal from the dear Inspirer, what

perhaps she longs with equal Ardency to be told. Having therefore been informed by some of the Company, of whom he had enquired, that she was not married, he resolved to make use of the first Opportunity which should present itself, to let her know before they parted, the Effect her Charms had worked upon her Soul. But this was not so easy a Matter to be accomplished as he had imagined, *Horatio* had taken notice of the distant Regards he paid her, and for that Reason kept close to her, to prevent him from engaging her in any private Conversation; ner could he entertain her with any thing but in general Terms, and what might pass for his Complaisance to the other Ladies as well as to her; till the Collation being over, some of the Company proposed Country Dancing, which being complied with, tho' *Horatio* had *Annalia* for his Partner, the assiduous Lover found the means to let her know he was so, saying a thousand tender things whenever he passed by her, turned her by the Hand, or the Figure of the Dance gave him an Opportunity of leading her aside; but thinking these too ineffectual Demonstrations of his Passion, he made an Excuse to step into another Room, he desired Pen and Paper, and writ a Declaration of his Mind in these Terms.

To the most Adorable ANNILIA.

THO' I doubt not but my Eyes has given all who have observed their Glances, sufficient Intelligence of my Heart; yet lest you should be ignorant of their Language, vouchsafe to learn it from my Pen—'Tis too much to suffer the Wound, yet be denied the Privilege of complaining—I love you, O Divineſt of your Sex! I need not tell you with a Flame as honourable as it is sincere and ardent; for ſure ſo heavenly an Innocence as ſhines about you, can inſpire no other Wiſhes but ſuch as bear ſome Conformity with itſelf—Nor can my Zeal be ſuppoſed to ariſe from any mercenary View, as yet I know no more of you than your Name, and not yet diſpoſed of in Marriage, for which laſt Information I bleſs indulgent Fate—Your Birth and Fortune are things indifferent, provided I may not hear they are above my Hopes; yet might I have my Wiſh, 'twould be, that you had no other Dowry than the Treasuſe of your Charms, that I might prove it was you, and only you, I would poſſeſs—But be you whatever Heaven is pleaſed to make you, you are and muſt be the Sovereign Miſtreſs of my Soul, and the only Diſpoſer of my future Diſtyny. I ſee well I have a Rival in preſence, which has made me take this way of declaring, what it is impoſſible to conceal and live — I ſhall make it my buſineſs to inform myſelf what Place you may make happy by dwelling in it, and throw myſelf at your Feet for a Pardon for this Preſumption; in the mean time, conjure you to think with Pity on your Eternally Devoted Slave,

MARATHON.

Having made up this Billet, he returned to the Company, where he had not been many Minutes, before a Gentleman happening to take notice of a fine Piece of Painting at the lower End of the Room, every Body was crowding near to observe the Beauties of it; among the rest, the Curiosity of *Annalia* was excited, and as she was following *Horatio* some Steps behind him, Madam, said the watchful Lover, putting into her Hand the Letter, I found this directed for you, and imagined it might fall from your Pocket by some Accident. These Words, and the Sight of the Superscription, made all the Face of *Annalia* of the same Colour with her Cheeks; and fearing to do any thing which might give an imprudent Encouragement; It cannot be mine, Sir! replied she, I receive no Letters directed in this Manner. With these Words she would have returned it to him, and putting back her Hand, It has your Name upon it, Madam, said he, and it is probable the Contents may not be so proper to be read by any other—'tis convenient therefore you take care of it. As he spoke these Words, he turned away, and mingled with those who were admiring the Picture, leaving *Annalia* so covered with Shame and Confusion, that instead of prosecuting her Design of joining with the others in praising the Painter's Art, she threw herself into a Chair, and was ready to faint at the Apprehensions of what the Consequences might be of this Day's Adventure——She trembled at the encroaching

encroaching Passion of her own Soul——was alarmed at the Boldness of her Lover——dreaded the Jealousy of *Horatio*, and almost died, to find that nothing now was so terrible as the Thoughts of being his Wife——In this Condition did the Company, as they were returning to their Seats, find her, and all the Tokens of a violent Disorder being on her, *Horatio* asked her if she had not better go Home; to which Demand she answering in the Affirmative, they took leave, and went into the Chariot of *Girardo*, which was waiting at the Door.

The Suddenness of her Indisposition and Departure, made the Conversation for some time after she was gone, turn on no other Subject, which gave the Colonel an Opportunity of hearing where she lived, her Fortune, and the Circumstances she was in with her Guardian, who having of late made no Secret of marrying her to his Son, was highly blamed by some People, as consulting more his own Interest, than the Advantage of the young Lady committed to his Care, whose Person and Estate, they all agreed, might entitle her to much greater Expectation.

Colonel *Marathon* found in this Account enough both to torment and please him, tho' he was really of a generous Disposition, and had a Stock of Love for *Anniia*, which would have compensated for all the Deficiencies of Wealth or Grandeur; yet there are Charms in Riches, which still more endear a lovely

lovely Person, and in spite of what he had said in his Letter, he could not find in his Heart to think it a Misfortune, that the Woman he was in love with had those Recommendations; but the Knowledge that the Person who had so much the power over her Actions, had destined her to another, and the Difficulties which he foresaw he had to struggle with in the Pursuit of Affections, gave him Disquiets which it would be impossible to represent.

The Consideration of the Obstacles he should meet with, was not however of any force to deter him from proceeding; he resolved, that if for her he must despair, it should not be occasioned by his own Negligence, or Remissness. And not believing that *Horatio* had taken notice of his Behaviour, he went the next Day to the House of *Giraldo*, and boldly enquiring for *Horatio*, the Servants, who judging by his Appearance that he was a Man of Fashion, desired him to walk into the Parlour, where the whole Family were at that time sitting together. *Horatio*, who had acquainted his Father that a strange Gentleman had paid a more than ordinary Devoir to his Cousin, looked first on him, and then on the Colonel, with a kind of Consternation. *Giraldo*, who knew not the meaning of his Son's Surprise, nor that this was the Person he suspected for his Rival, knew not what to think, till the Colonel eased him of his Suspence, by speaking in this Manner: Nothing but the Occasion, Sir, said he, could excuse the seeming Rudeness
of

of this Visit: I confess I was as sincerely grieved at this Lady's Indisposition last Night (pursued he, bowing to *Annalia*, with a Tenderness which the Presence of his Rival did not oblige him to conceal) as I am rejoiced to find her thus perfectly recovered, and it was as much to enquire after her Health, as to improve my little Acquaintance with your Son, that I took the liberty of waiting on you. Neither *Giraldo* and *Horatio* could avoid using him with good Breeding, but the manner of their Civilities appeared so forced, that it was easy for him to perceive that it was to that alone he was indebted, and that he was far from being a welcome Guest.——*Annalia* spoke little, and what she said was accompanied with Blushes and Hesitations, which were no way pleasing to her Uncle, or intended Husband, both of them with reason believing, that such Disorders could not be occasioned but by some unusual Agitations of the Spirits. The Colonel perceived it also, and with a Satisfaction equal to the Chagrin of the others; but finding there was no probability of speaking to *Annalia*, but in the Presence of those two Gentlemen, he staid but a short time, concluding his Visit with a Desire they would return, and under pretence of letting them know where they might do so, acquainted them with the Place of his Abode; but the real Design of his telling them, was with the hope that the fair Object of his Affections might have entertained a Passion for him violent enough

to engage her to answer his Letter. But he knew little of her Soul, to flatter himself with such a Thought; she loved him, indeed, but Modesty, and that Decorum which all Women, who know the Value of themselves, ought to observe, would not suffer her to do any thing for the Gratification of her softer Wishes, which would render her cheap in the Opinion of the Man, whose Esteem she desired to attract.

The Colonel had no sooner left them, than her Ears were persecuted with the incessant Railings of the Father and Son; one exclaimed against his Shape and Air, the other found a thousand Faults with his Conversation and Manner of Address; but most of all they seemed to blame his Assurance, in visiting Persons to whom he was so much a Stranger. It was with the utmost difficulty that she restrained herself from vindicating him, but Love had now taught her the Art of disguising her Sentiments, to which before she had been wholly a Stranger; to ease herself therefore of a Constraint so troublesome to her, she retired to her Chamber, and there gave a Loose to Thought and Meditation.

This second View of the engaging Colonel had fixed the Impression which the first had made; she could not with patience think of being the Wife of any other Man, the Sight of *Horatio* was now grown Poison to her Eyes, and nothing troubled her so much, as that she had given him hope of being his; she had made a kind of half Promise to her

her Uncle, which she now knew not how to retract, without letting him into the Reason of that Change in her Humour; and to do that, not only the innate Modesty of her Temper, but her Passion also forbid, as making her not doubt, but that if he should once come to know she loved any other Man, much more *Marathon*, of whom he expressed so great a Dislike, he would omit nothing to disappoint her Hopes. She therefore thought it best to continue the same Behaviour to him as she had been accustomed to treat him with, at least till she found how far the Colonel would proceed in his Addresses he had begun to make; not that she designed to marry the other, even if he should desist; but she imagined, that to throw him off on a sudden would not only give him a Suspicion of the Cause, but also rouse all that he had of Rage in his Disposition, to some Act of Revenge.

This Resolution was certainly the most discreet one she could take, yet was it not in her power long to maintain it. The next Day, as they were all at Dinner, the Footman acquainted them that a young Man, a Stranger, was at the Door, and said he brought a Letter for Madam *Annalia*, but that he would neither deliver it to any Hand but her own, nor reveal from whom he came. Her Blushes in spite of her Efforts to restrain them, betrayed to the observing *Giraldo*, that she guessed who 'twas that sent it; and being about to open her Mouth, either to forbid, or order the Person to be admitted

which she was herself scarce determined, vexed to the heart that *Marathon*, for she imagined it no other, should be so indiscreet to send in that public Manner, when her Uncle saved her the trouble, by bidding his Servant turn the Fellow from the Door, and tell him that *Annalia* received no Letters, but what were first communicated to him. She uttered nothing in opposition to this Command, but as soon as the Servant was gone about the Execution of it, I think, Sir! said she, with a Countenance which sufficiently denoted the highest Discontent, the Message you have sent is a pretty odd one—I am now past my Childhood, and People must imagine that I am either very deficient in Understanding, or you in the Care of improving me, when they shall be told I am incapable of judging what Answer is fit for me to give to any Letter which is sent to me. These Words pronounced with a Spirit of Vehemence which *Giraldo* had never before observed in her, gave him no small Surprise; but smothering the secret Spite he conceived at them, You misconstrue, said he, my dear Niece, this manner of proceeding; did I act otherwise, you would be continually persecuted either with begging Petitions for the Relief of some decayed Family, or the impudent Addresses of some presuming Coxcomb; it was doubtless from one of these that this Letter was sent, had it been any thing worthy of your Regard, that Caution would have been unnecessary, which prevented the Delivery

very

very of it before your Guardian, or the Man intended for your Husband. The mention of that Name threw off all the little Remains of Patience *Annalia* had preserved, and with an Air wholly composed of Fierceness, He is not yet so, answered she, and to whatever Subjection I may be destined after Marriage, I take it ill that my Liberty should be restrained till then. With these Words she rose up from the Table, and retired into her Chamber, where having shut herself in, not all the Intreaties of *Horatio*, who, to alleviate the Severity his Father had used to her, counterfeited the most dying Lover, could prevail on her to come forth.

Colonel *Marathon*, for it was no other who had sent that Letter, was not greatly disappointed at the Return of his Messenger; he imagined not it would reach her Hands, by the Watchfulness with which he perceived she was tended by *Girardo* and *Horatio*, and had only done this as a Trial to assure himself how far she was the Mistress of her Actions; and finding he must go another way to work, he made it his Business to discover which of the Servants most particularly belonged to her. He gave a very handsome Present to one of them, accompanied with a Letter, which the Fellow very faithfully delivered to her, unseen by any other of the Family; the Contents of it were as follows.

To the most Charming and Divine ANNILIA.

WHAT cannot Love like mine accomplish? Surrounded as you are with more than Argus's Eyes, industrious Passion finds the means of reaching you. Oh could it but inspire you also with some part of that abundant store with which my Heart is full, how much beyond the faint Description of all that Words can speak, would be the Happiness of my State? — Yet think not my Wishes too presuming, with all Humility would I attend, till Time and my future Services should testify me less unworthy than at present I must appear of so exalted a Blessing; but oh! I have a Rival, whose Interest more than his Merits gives me pain; were I but assured that it was more to the Obligations you may imagine yourself under to Giraldo, than the Tenderness you have for Horatio, that the latter of them has your Permission to adore you, I should then hope that the Constancy of my Flame might hereafter warm you into a Sensibility, and Truth and Love make up the Deficiencies of all other Deserts — I now dare intreat no more, than that you will be so good to put a period to the Suspence I labour under, by informing me if Love or Gratitude be the Motive which induces you to favour the Pretensions of Horatio; if to the former he is indebted for the Blessing, think more generously of my Passion than to imagine I would aim to separate Hearts united by the Tye, tho' my own break in relinquishing my Endeavours; but if to the latter it is that he owes his Hopes, permit me also to rival him in them, and believe

believe there is no Proof of Passion you can receive from him, which will not be exceeded by

*Your ever Faithful and most
passionately Devoted*

MARATHON.

P. S. *Since it is in the power of one Line to ease you of the Trouble of any future Sollicitations from me, and to decide my Fate, be so divinely generous to afford it, and either at once destroy me, by avowing your Affliction for my Rival; or relieve my Anxieties, by permitting me to hope I may in time alledge an equal Plea for Favour.*

Annalia thought it would be straining Modesty to a pitch too high, to refuse answering this Letter; she found nothing in either of those she had received from him, but what testified the strictest Honour; nor did she think the World could condemn her of Indiscretion in following her Inclinations, since he was of a Family superior to her own, and possessed of a Fortune equal to that of *Horatio*, tho' nothing in competition with that which she was Mistress of, might entitle her to expect with another. He was however the only Man in the World which had the power of inspiring her with that Passion which equals all things. After a very little time of Consideration therefore, she set herself to prepare an Answer for him, which was in these Lines.

To

To Colonel MARATHON.

MR own Reason informing me, that to hold a Correspondence of this Kind, without the Privity and Approbation of the Person to whose Care I am entrusted, is among the things which are justly esteemed blameable; I must in vindication of myself, as well as to comply with your Request, acquaint you, that the visible Self-interestedness of my Uncle has destroyed that Confidence I should otherwise repose in so near a Relation, and obliged me to take a Resolution never from henceforward to consult him in any Affair, in which there is a possibility of his being byassed by any sinister Views—My Circumstances, however, not permitting me to break off with him immediately, I give you no small proof of the good Opinion I have of you when I thus freely make Partaker of my Sentiments on this score, and after what I have said, I leave it to yourself to judge if it be to either of the Motives you mention, that Horatio is indebted for the Complaisance which at present he receives from me—If the Messenger who brought me yours, continues faithful to his Trust, I permit you to write to me by the same Means—I am inclined to believe you have Honour and Good-nature, and am half afraid I shall soon have occasion for a Friend possessed of these Qualifications; if such a Time arrives, I shall make trial how far you are desirous of obliging

ANNILIA.

Having

Having finished this little Epistle, she called the Servant who had been the Bearer of that to which it was a reply; and having obliged him to swear an inviolable Secrecy, put it into his Hands, assuring him of her rewarding his Fidelity, in case he persevered in it to the End; on which, he again renewing the protestations he before had made, went joyfully to the Colonel, not doubting but he should receive from him a second gratification for the good success of his Negotiation; nor did his Expectations deceive him, the transported Lover was generous even beyond his hopes, and taking the surest way of binding one of his Rank to his Interest, by making it to his advantage to be honest, had the Opportunity every day of conveying to his Mistress the tender Emotions of his Soul, and receiving from her Answers which no way gave a check to the Boldness of his now-aspiring Hopes.

Nor was this distant Conversation all the Happiness he enjoyed in this time of Courtship. *Annilia* went very frequently to the *Opera*, Play-house, and other public Diversions, and never missed her Devotions at Chapel once a Day; of which *Marathon* being informed either by a Billet from herself, or by the mouth of the same Emissary who convey'd his Letters, never failed of being present; and tho' the presence of *Horatio*, who always accompanied her to all these Places, prevented their Tongues from speaking the Language of their Hearts; yet what they wanted to express in these Words intelligible

gible Looks sufficiently disclosed ; she read in his Eyes unutterable Love, and all the eager sparklings of Desire ; and he had the Satisfaction to observe in hers a soft Compliance, and delightful Tenderness. But fatal to their mutual Peace was the too little Caution which both of them preserved ; the penetration of *Horatio* soon made him no Stranger to the meaning of these intermixing Glances ; but for bearing to alarm *Annalia* by any marks of Jealousy or Discontent, he communicated his Sentiments to *Giraldo*, who joining in them, and the rather, because she had of late shunned all Conversation with them as much as was possible, and would sometimes shut herself into her Chamber half a day together, resolved some way or other to fathom the Mystery. She had never stirred abroad for a long time, but in the Company either of himself or Son ; he found there was no opportunity of declaring himself her Lover, unless it were by Letter ; and remembering with how much warmth she had resented his refusing admittance to the Person who had one Day brought one, which he made no doubt came from him, it presently came into his Head, that he had found some other way of sending to her. He distrusted his Servants, and examined them all one by one, as well those who belonged to *Annalia*, as the rest, but all of them absolutely denying that they knew any such Person as Colonel *Marathon*, he knew not what to think — But he who was really the entrusted Person, having been sited as well as his
 Fellows,

Fellows, acquainting the Lovers with what had passed, obliged them to be more careful for the future.

For a little time longer were they permitted Happiness of corresponding with each other, but a Footman of Giraldo's by accident one Day seeing Osephas, for that was the Name of the Confidant of this Amour, come out of the House where he had heard his Master say was lodged the so much talked of and dreaded Maratbon, either thro' envy of the Profit, which he doubted not this Fellow reaped by this Adventure, or to ingratiate himself, immediately ran to Giraldo with the News; and Osephas, at his Return home, was seized by both his enraged Masters, his Pockets searched, and that Day's Letter exposed to their perusal; after which they had him severely beaten, his Livery plucked off, and turned him out of Doors. The Contents of the Billet which fell into their Hands, were to this purpose.

To the Divine Empress of my Soul, the most transporting

Exquisitely good as you are in all Things, why will you still refuse Compliance to that Advice which alone can make you easy, and which you must receive from all who are not partial to the Interest of the Mercenary Giraldo, and his Son, as well as from me—
To prove that it is not for any Advantage of my own

I wish you to chuse another Guardian, I desire not to be the Person; only I entreat it may not be one whose Indigence or Baseness may influence him to have the same Designs on you as you have experienced from this unworthy Uncle:—depend upon it, those who have done so much to bring you to their Measures, will dare yet more; and when they once come to know, as soon they will, oblige you to declare your Sentiments. I tremble to think what horrid Use they may make of the Power you suffer them to retain over you—O prevent it, I conjure you—if no more, quit at least the House of these designing Men, or I fear you will too late repent rejecting the Fears of

Your Zealously Devoted,

MARATHON

The Prophecy of this amorous Fool, said Gir-
aldo, as soon as he had read it, may instruct us
what to do; I will anon press her to comply with
the speedy Celebration of the Marriage with you,
or take such Measures as will compel her to it.
Horatio was extremely pleased with this Design,
he was grown weary of counterfeiting a Passion
which he was incapable of feeling for her, and
longed for that Ceremony to be over, which would
ease him of the task of Dissimulation, and at the
same time make him Master of her Fortune. In the
mean time, Annia, who knew nothing of what
had happened, was amazed she saw not Osephas
with a Letter from her dear Colonel; and hastily
calling

calling for him, *Girardo* went into her Chamber: I have just now, said he, discharged that Wretch you call for, but will provide you of one more honest in his Room. Discharged him! cried she, (strangely surpriz'd) for what Crime? The Story is too long to repeat, resumed he, 'tis sufficient that I know him to be a Villain.—Something more material engaged my coming into your Apartment.—Have you yet fixed on the Day which is to make *Horatio* happy? You will not certainly keep longer in suspense, the Man who many Weeks ago received the Promise of being made your Husband I know of no such Promise, replied he, peevishly; I said, indeed, I would endeavour to be conformable to your Desires—and in what, interrupted he, is *Horatio* deficient, that those Endeavours should not be all that is requisite for his Wishes? Perhaps I yet have never asked myself the Question, said she haughtily; a Lover ought to attend with Patience the Resolution of the Woman he pretends to adore—nor will I give any direct Answer, till you resolve me for what reason you have discharg'd my Servant. You will not? cried he in an angry Tone. No, Sir! I will not, returned she, in one which demonstrated she was equally incensed. This Behaviour, resumed he, makes me believe you never meant but to deceive me, and had no serious Thoughts of marrying *Horatio*. If I had said she, such arbitrary Proceeding would make me exchange them for others, which would afford

at least a show of greater Satisfaction:—The Love of Liberty is natural to all, and I should have more Reason to regret, than be pleased with the large Fortune left me by my Father, if it must subject me to eternal Slavery. You will have reason, indeed, to regret it, answered he, if by it you are exposed to Temptations, you are too weak to resist:—In fine, continued he, I have good reason to believe your Indiscretions have of late rendered you liable to the Censure of the World, and must therefore restrain that Liberty you have but too much abused. Mild and gentle as *Annilla* was by Nature, the Injustice of this Accusations put her beyond all Patience. Good Heaven! is it possible, cried she, that you can go so far as to asperse my Conduct?—to what in time will you not have Recourse?—is this the Treatment I expected from the Brother of my Father?—But there is a way to ease myself.—There is, replied he, immediately, but no other than by speedily consenting to marry with *Horatio*. That will I never do, said she, perceiving that now Dissimulation was of no further Use. 'Tis well, rejoined he, you are grown strangely arrogant, but I believe I have the means to humble this unbecoming Pride. As he spoke these Words, he flung out of the Room, leaving her involved in a mixture of Surprise, and Rage, and Grief.—So Violent were all these Passions, that for a time she had not the Power of forming any Resolution; but when she

she had, it was to quit the House of this injurious Uncle with all imaginable speed; she ordered her Woman therefore to go out and prepare a Lodging for her in some pleasant and agreeable Part of the Town; while she in the mean time was busily employed in packing up her Cloaths and Jewels. About this time *Giraldo*, who, with his Son *Horatio*, was walking in the Parlour consulting in what manner they should now proceed with the intended Vindication of their avaritious Designs; saw her Woman pass by them, and go hastily toward the Street door: as she was about to open it, he called her in, and having been hired by him, and looking on him as her Master, she durst no other than obey, nor had the Courage to conceal, when asked the Question, on what Errand she was going. On which they looked on each other with a kind of an Amazement, as not having been able to imagine she had Resolution enough to have carried her Resentment to so great a length. But *Giraldo*, whose Policy in any Affair were his own Interest was concerned had seldom suffered itself to be baffled, had a sudden thought come into his Head, which seemed to him to be a lucky one, and which he resolved to put into immediate Execution: Alas! said he, to the Maid, do you not know your Mistress is Mad?—you do not certainly regard any Thing she says of late? Mad, Sir! cried she, not well knowing whether he spoke in earnest or not, till he endeavoured to assure her in these Words; Aye, resumed he, my poor Niece

was

was a few Days ago seized with a most violent Frenzy, I had hopes it would have gone off, and therefore spoke not of it to any body; but I find the Distemper increases upon her, and that so strongly, that it will be dangerous to let her go loose about the House. — I know not but in some sudden Starts she may attempt to do some Mischief either to herself or others; Oh! my Stars! Mad! cried she again; nay, she is in a strange Humour now, I beseech you, Sir, give me my Discharge, for I shall be afraid of coming near her. You shall not need, answered he, I will have her locked into her Chamber immediately! in the mean time I would not have you appear before her, but instead of going to provide a Lodging for her, order one of the Footmen to bring a Smith, that her Windows may be barr'd, for 'tis not impossible but when she finds she is restrained in her Humour she may offer to throw herself out. Very true, Sir! said she, one cannot be too secure. With these Words she went out of the Room to do as she was commanded. And *Horatio* admired the Subtility of his Father in finding out an Expedient which would either oblige her to comply with their Desires, or give them, as being next of Kin, the Possession of the Estate, her being represented as a Lunatick, and consequently incapable of managing it.

Annalia, who after she had finished the little Affairs she had been about, waited with Impatience for

for the return of her Woman, was strangely surprized when she saw *Giraldo* and *Horatio* come into her Chamber: she imagined not, that after the Resolution she had expressed, she should be troubled with any further Importunities from them, at least for some time: Well, Niece, said the former of them, have you considered on what I have said, or do you still preserve in Obstinancy? Yes, answered she, my Resolution yet holds firm never to confer greater Power in those Hands who have made so ill a Use of what they have already. You talk as if you could restrain it, resumed he, but come into my Closet, I will give you leave to peruse the Writings of your Estate, and the last Testament of your dying Father; then you will be convinced how far his Confidence rely'd on me for the Director of your Actions. *Annalia* complied with this Request, glad to look over Particulars which as yet she had known by the Report of others.

They detained her here in reading the Papers, and disputing on the meaning of the Contents of them, till word was brought to *Giraldo* that every Thing was ready; and then breaking off the Conversation, they suffered her to depart, who by this time not doubting but her Woman was come back, went directly to her Chamber, where she no sooner entered, than to her great Amazement she saw the Windows with Iron Bars grated like a Prison; she was turning back with a design to ask the meaning of it, and to enquire after the Person she had sent,

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when

when her cruel Uncle, who was close behind her, shut the Door upon her, and having locked it fast, put the Key in his Pocket.

It would be needless to go about to describe the Violence of her Rage at finding herself thus confined; the Reader will easily believe, that on so just a Provocation, Passion must arrive at the greatest pitch imaginable; she rang her Bell, she stamp'd with her Feet, she called, but all in vain, none durst come to her Relief, and possessed first by what the Wench had said, and which after both their Masters confirmed; none of the Family even wished her Liberty, but thought her Imprisonment the effect of Care.

In this Manner did she continue several Days, none coming near her but *Giraldo*, who was himself the Bearer of what Food or other Necessaries she was allowed. In every one of these Visits he pressed her to Compliance, still assuring her that she must hope for Liberty on no other Terms than by becoming the Bride of *Horatio*, and mingling with his Persuasions, Menaces of a worse Treatment than that which she at present experienced, if she persisted to refuse. But in this she showed a Strength of Mind, and an unshaken Constancy, infinitely beyond what could be expected from her Years, or indeed what we have many Examples of in the other Sex; and replying to what he said with a dauntless Fortitude, and noble Boldness, which would have struck into my Heart, that was
not

not wholly rendered inexorable by Avarice, told him, that only to procure her Liberty, but to preserve her Life, she would never yield to be the Wife of a Man, who had consented to use her with so unexamined a Barbarity; and bid him invent means to encrease her Sufferings as far beyond what they were, as he either could or dare; the Pleasure it gave her to let him see they were in vain, would more than compensate for the Pain.

Whenever she upbraided him with his abusing the Names of Uncle and Guardian, he said that she had no reason to accuse him of any avaritious Views; for if it were so, he had the same Pretensions to her Estate while supposed a Lunatick, as his Son would have if made her Husband; and that as all the Measures he had taken were only to give her Happiness, she had only her own perverse Humour to condemn, if she were not so. But this way of Reasoning having no Effect on her, and that every Day her Resolution rather grew stronger than any way abated, the Impossibility there appeared of bringing her to his Terms, together with the Fear that by some Accident it might probably come to be discovered, that she was not as he had represented her, made him think of removing her to one of those Houses which are prepared on purpose for the Reception of Persons disordered in their Senses: He had often been told that for a good Gratification, the Doors would be open as well for those whom it was necessary, for

the Interest of their Friends, to be made Mad, as for those who were so in reality, and resolved now to make the Experiment. He had recourse to one at a small distance from the City where he lived, and found the Master of it as compliable to his Desires as he could have hoped. Every thing being agreed upon between them, all the Difficulty lay in removing her, for *Giraldo* was unwilling it should be done in a public Manner, because he thought it improper that any Person beside himself and Son, should know to what Place she was convey'd: It was therefore concluded on, that at the Dead of Night, a Hackney Coach should be brought to the Door, into which she should be put, under the Guard of two or three Men belonging to the Keeper of the Lunatics.

The Hour appointed for the Execution of this Enterprize being near at hand, *Giraldo* ordered all his Family to retire to their Beds, except one Servant, in whom he placed great Confidence, and was the same who occasioned his discovering the Correspondence between *Marathon* and *Annalia*, by giving him Intelligence out of what Place he had seen *Osephas* come. The unhappy Niece of this barbarous Man, was compelled to rise out of her Bed, where she was sleeping as secure as her Discontents and Fears would let her, and obliged to put on her Cloaths at that unreasonable Hour; not that she would have done it at his Request, but the Appearance of all those ill-looking Fellows in her

her Chamber, (he having without any regard to Decency, or the Modesty of her Sex, brought them to her Bed-side, made her with all the haste she could, throw on a loose Night-Gown, which she had no sooner done, than like a Lamb among a Herd of Wolves, she was seized by these inhuman Ruffians; and some stopping her Mouth, and threatening her if she attempted to resist; and another taking hold of her, she was rather dragged than carried down Stairs, and thrust into a Coach, where the three Keepers immediately crowded in, rendered frustrate all the faint Hopes she had conceived of Escaping.

She saw little of the Horrors of her Prison that Night, every Wretch, whom either the Malice of their false Friends, or the Misfortune of their own Distemper, had brought there, being close locked into their several Apartments; and all the Family who profited by their Misery, retired to Bed, except two Women Servants, who humouring this new Guest in all the Extravagancies her Wrongs enforced her to utter, made her know that it was to a Mad-House she was brought, and that they took her for one labouring under that unhappy Circumstances. They compelled her to go into a Bed they had prepared for her, but 'tis not to be imagined she could admit the Approach of Sleep that Night; and earlier than Day, was she disturb'd with Sounds, which struck so great a Dread into her that nothing is more strange, then that she did

did not die with the Fright, or fall indeed into that Disorder of which she was accused.—The rattling of Chains, the Shrieks of those severely treated by their barbarous Keepers, mingled with Curses, Oaths, and the most blasphemous Imprecations, did from one Quarter of the House shock her tormented Ears ; while from another, Howlings like that of Dogs, Shoutings, Roarings, Prayers, Preaching, Curies, Singing, Crying, promiscuously joined to make a Chaos of the most horrible Confusion ; but the Violence of this Uproar continued not long, it being only occasioned by the first Entrance of the Keepers into the Cells of those Wretches who were really Lunatick, and had, for the Addition of their Anguish, so much Remains of Sense, as to know what they were to suffer at the Approach of these inhuman Creatures, who never came to bring them fresh Straw, or that poor Pitance of Food allowed for the support of their miserable Lives, but they saluted them with Stripes in a manner so cruel, as if they delighted in inflicting Pain, excusing themselves in this Barbarity, by saying there was a necessity to keep them in Awe ; as if Chains and Nakedness, and the small Portion of wretched Substenance they suffered them to take was not sufficient to humble their Fellow-Creatures. Besides, what is there to be feared from those helpless Objects of Compassion, who being hand-cuffed, and the Fetters on their Legs fast bolted into the Floor, can stir no farther than the length of their Chain !

Chain! Yet with Barbarity do these pityleſs Monſters exert the Power they have over them, that whoever is witneſs of it, would imagine they were rather placed there for the Punishment of ſome Capital Crime, for which Law has provided no ſufficient Torture, than for the Cure of a Diſeaſe, by their neareſt and deareſt Relations

To find herſelf in ſuch a Place, and that it was made ſo ſecure by Locks, by Bolts, and Bars, that all Thoughts of making her Eſcape would be in vain, was enough to have made a Woman leſs endued with Fortitude, conſent to any thing for her Enlargement; but ſhe, in the miſt of her Diſtreſs, juſtly reflecting that thoſe who could be capable of uſing her in this inhuman Manner, to force her to a Compliance, might hereafter, when ſatiated with Enjoyment, or the leaſt Diſguſt, have recourſe to the ſame Means to get rid of her, as now they took to gain her, reſolved rather to die, than yield to put a greater Power into the Hands of Perſons, who had made ſo deteſtable a Uſe of what they had already. The Remembrance of *Marathon*, and the Impoſſibility there appeared of ever ſeeing that dear Man again, was a conſiderable Augmentation of her Sorrows; ſhe doubted not but ſhe was confined for Life, and being deprived of all means of ſending to him, or letting him know what 'twas ſhe ſuffered for his ſake, made the Tears ſtream from her fair Eyes, when nothing elſe could call them forth. She continued in this dejected State
for

for about fourteen Weeks, without being able to entertain the least hope of Relief; in all which time *Giraldo* had visited her but twice, the Prefures he now made her in behalf of his Son were so faint, that he was easy for her to perceive, he was indifferent whether she complied or not, which confirmed the Opinion she before had but too much reason to harbour, that it was for her Wealth alone that he had seemed so desirous of engaging her; and tho' it was infinite Trouble to her to think that they enjoyed that, yet the Satisfaction it gave her to reflect that he had not her Person also, very much alleviated the Pain.—Some kind turn of Fate, said she to herself, may disclose the villainous Practices of these abandoned Wretches, and put me in possession of my own; but had the Marriage Ceremony past, all had been irrevocably lost, and I undone beyond all hope of Vengeance or Redress.

In this Condition, beguiling as much as possible her miserable Hours, let us leave her for a time, and see in what manner her Lover resented this sudden Alteration in his Fortune. *Osephas* had no sooner been discharged by *Giraldo*, than he went to the Colonel, acquainting him with the Truth of all that happened to him: That Gentleman was too generous to let him suffer for having been faithful to him, and immediately received him into his Service. He found so much difference between these two Masters, that the Goodness of the latter engaged him in Ties more strong than those of Duty;
there

there was nothing he would not have done to procure him Satisfaction; and finding he prodigiously lamented the loss of *Annalia*, he kept his Brain on a continual Rack for some Invention to restore her to him. In the Neighbourhood of *Giraldo* he was informed of the Report of her being Lunatick, and soon after that she was removed from the House of her Uncle, but to what Place, none knew. This Intelligence rendered the impatient *Marathon* almost in the same Condition in reality, as she was feigned to be: He went to every one of those Receptracles of unhappy Persons, and enquired for *Annalia* in a manner which might have made him pass for one as little in his Senses as any they had the Charge of; for certainly had he at that time been Master of his Reason, it would have informed him how little probability there was, that the way he took should succeed.

Being convinced of his Error, he would have had recourse to Law, and compelled *Giraldo* to satisfy the World in what manner he had disposed of his Niece, but found this would be as ineffectual as the other Measures he had taken. He had but a slender Fortune of his own; *Giraldo* was at present in possession of a very great one, and by that Means was better able to maintain the wrong he had done, than the other was to oblige him to acknowledge it. Besides, *Annalia* had no Kindred living so near her as *Giraldo* and *Horatio*, and the more distant ones evaded being concerned with a Stranger,

against Persons who they knew not but might have reason for what they did, or if they had not, every one cried it was none of his Business; and the disconsolate Colonel was enforced to let this Project drop, since it was wholly impossible for him to carry it on alone. He was several times about sending a Challenge to *Horatio*, flattering himself with the Hope, that if he had the better, his Antagonist would be glad to purchase his Life at the Expence of the Secret, but *Osephas*, as often as he heard him mention it, endeavoured to avert his Design. Ah Sir! I beseech, you would he say to him, give over such Thoughts; consider there are many Chances against that one you wish: should you fall by the Sword of *Horatio*, poor *Annalia* would be then left defenceless indeed; or should your juster Arm prevail, and punish all the Crimes of that vile Man, by giving him his Death, you know how severe our Law is against Duellists, much less can the Challenger be thought to merit Mercy; the Judges, partial to the Statute, will not consider the greatness of your Provocation, your Merits, or your Rival's Baseness. — Either way therefore you rob *Annalia* of the only Friend, who either can or will attempt any thing for her Delivery; I beg you then to wait a little with Patience — You know not what Discoveries Time and Industry may bring about. By these kind of Arguments, he brought him to delay his Purpose for some time, but would not much longer have been able

able to restrain his impatience, had not an accident happened which gave them a view of accomplishing the freedom of *Annilia* by a way less fatal. *Osaphas* had heard that the Maid who formerly waited on *Annilia*, was gone from the House of *Giraldo*, he made it his Business therefore to inform himself in what place she now was, which having done, he resolv'd to visit her, imagining that she might be able to tell him where it was that her Mistress was convey'd : but not finding her at Home, and hearing that she was expected in, in an Hour, he went to pass that time in the Fields, which were but at the end of that street in which she lived, he had not walked many turns, before he saw a Hackney-Coach, with only one Gentleman in it, cross the Road, and turn down a By-path, which he knew led to one of those Mad-Houses, where his Master had been to enquire for *Annilia*; tho' he was at a great Distance, it came into his Head that the Person he saw in that Coach was *Giraldo*; and resolving to be certain, ran with all the speed he could the way it had gone: He arriv'd timely enough to see him alight at the Gate, and go in, for it was indeed no other than *Giraldo*, who was then going to put the Question to his unfortunate Niece, in one of those Visits already mentioned: *Osaphas* made now no doubt, but that it was in this House *Annilia* was confin'd, and instead of prosecuting his Design of renewing his Acquaintance with the Maid, ran directly Home, and gave

his Master an Account of what he had seen. Never was Man more transported, than was he at this Intelligence, he looked on the Knowledge in what Place she was, as one very considerable step, as indeed it was, to the getting her out; and since Fortune had favoured him thus far, was now in hope she would not turn her Back, till he had entirely accomplished his intent. He found, however, that it must be by Subtility, and not Force, that he must become Master of his Wishes, and therefore carefully concealed, as did *Ophas* also the Discovery they had made; After having passed two or three Days in fruitless Projections, Love, ever ready in Stratagems, furnished the assiduous *Marathon* with one, which having communicated to *Ophas*, he agreed with him that there was nothing in it impracticable, or very difficult; it was, that he should counterfeit Madness, and get some Person of his Acquaintance to recommend him as a Patient of Note, and who they would be well recompensed for taking care of, and that *Ophas* having changed his Livery, should also attend him there. 'Tis possible, said the Colonel, that *Girardo* may not often come there, or if he does, it will be easy for you to avoid letting him see you — The Confinement will not be long, for if I once get in the Inside of the House, I do not doubt but to have my dear *Annita* out in a short Time.

This Design was no sooner concluded on than they went about the Execution of it. *Marathon*
sent

sent for a young Gentleman in whom he could confide, to whom he communicated the whole Affair, and intrusted his Assistance so far as to make an Agreement for him with the Keeper of the Lunatics. *Olario*, for that was his Name, readily consented to do, as his Friend desir'd; and took Coach immediately for the Mad-House, where giving a small Present in Hand, and an Assurance of a sufficient Gratification hereafter; it was presently agreed upon, that his Friend should be received whenever he came: they made some difficulty of admitting a Servant, not being willing to have any Person at Liberty to inspect into their Behaviour, to those who were confin'd; but *Olario* insisting on it, it was at last consented to.

Olario having thus far succeeded, came back to his Friend, who in the mean time had been providing himself of a Habit very different from what he was accustomed to wear, justly judging it improper to appear the same Man who had been to demand *Annisa*, and threatened them that detain'd her; this being one of those Houses, which in his Search for her, he had visited in this Manner. But he now seemed so much another, that there was not a possibility for Persons who had seen him but once, to know him again: He was in a very rich Suit of Cloathes embroidered with Gold, a white Feather in his Hat, and a fine Tassel of *Barbary* Work hanging at his Sword: He had now none of these Ornaments, but appear'd like a plain Country Gentleman

Gentleman for such he passed for, and his Name was changed from that of *Marathon* to *Lovemore*, as was that of *Osapha*, to *Andrew*, who was also habited like one of those Servants who do the Offices of Butler, Groom, Valet, and Footman. Thus equip'd did *Olarie* return with them to the Region of Lunacy, and having seen the pretended Patient to his Chamber, and order'd him to be well looked after, left him with *Osaphas* now *Andrew*, in their voluntary Imprisonment.

Now were they to apply themselves to their several Tasks; the Colonel, whom we must now call *Lovemore*, had nothing to do but to fetch heavy Sighs, walk with his Arms a-cross, now and then beat his Breast, and some other such like Tokens of Despair, for *Olarie* had told them it was a melancholy Madness of which he was possessed. But the Business of *Andrew* was to create an Intimacy with the Servants, and in particular with the Maids, pry about the House, and discover in what Part of it *Annilia* was kept, and who it was that had the Charge of her Room. Both succeeded so well, that there was not the least doubt but that one was as really Mad as 'twas possible to be, and that the other was the most diligent and best natured Servant in the World. Had *Andrew* been disposed to Marry, he might have had his Choice of any of the Maids in that House, but having found out in which Chamber *Annilia* was lodged, he made his whole Court to her who attended

tended the Lady; and by following her up and down Stairs, and wherever she went, under the pretence of Love, had frequently an Opportunity of seeing the lovely Object of his Master's Affection: Having assured him of the certainty of her being there, he was commanded to bring Paper, Pen, and Ink, which he having done unknown to the Keepers, who never permit the Use to their Patients, he wrote this short but passionate Billet to her.

To the most Injured, but most Divine ANNILIA.

I Will not upbraid you, that you rejected the Counsels of your faithful Adorer, nor endeavour to aggrandize my Services, by setting forth the Difficulties I met with in my Search of you——'Tis sufficient that I now have found out—that I have contrived the means of your Escape from this vile Prison——and think myself the happiest of Mortals, in having been able to baffle all the Plots your Enemies had laid to involve you in a lasting Misery——I am near you, most adorable Annilia, but have not yet the Power to throw myself beneath your Feet——shortly shall I enjoy that boundless Blessing, yet could I not refrain sending this Harbinger of my Approach, and preparing you for that Deliverance you are shortly to receive from

Your Transported Slave,
MARATHON.

This

This he committed to the Care of the subtle *Osephas* to deliver to her, but having received it, he was more than half afraid he should not be able to execute his Commission. The Maid who had the Care of her Room, had received so strict a Charge from her Master to suffer no Person to come to the Speech of her, for he found it utterly impossible, and would not therefore attempt it. As he was walking in the Garden, vexed at the ill Success of his Design, he saw a little boy shooting at the Birds with a Bow and Arrow; he made a pretence to send the Child on some Errand, and taking his Arrows, fixed the Letter to one of them, and being a pretty good Marksman, shot it in between the Iron Bars of *Annalia's* Window, her Casement happening fortunately to be left open.

The disconsolate Lady was sitting in an Arm'd Chair, at some distance from the Window, and the Arrow fell directly at her Feet, which believing sent by some Child, her Good Nature made her take it up with an Intent to throw it back, unwilling to deprive the innocent Shooter of his Diversion; but the Surprise which seized her Soul at sight of the Paper annexed to it, and her perfect Knowledge of the dear Characters which composed the Supercription, can no way be conceived by a Person not equally enamoured, equally distressed her——But when she had examined the Contents, Wonder gave place to Joy, 'tis difficult to say whether the Hopes or her Deliverance, or the Thoughts

Thoughts that it was to *Marathon* she was indebted for it, gave her the greatest Satisfaction. As soon as she could recall her Spirits from that absence of Mind, which the first Emotions of Amazement had involved her in, she ran to the Window, imagining that *Marathon* himself might possibly be there. *Osephas*, who guessed to what her curiosity might excite her, continued walking, and when he perceived she looked toward him, made a reverend Bow, and then went hastily away, testifying by his Motions, that they must proceed with Caution, In spite of the Alteration which his Change of Habit had made in him, she presently knew this faithful Servant, but by what means he had gained Entrance into the House, could not be able to comprehend. The Sight of him, however, confirming her that there was something in Hand for her Deliverance, settled a Contentment in her Mind, which for many Weeks had been a Stranger there; and she bore her Captivity with Patience, expecting every Hour to be released, and by the Man to whom of all the World she most desired to be obliged.

Nor was it many Days after the Receipt of this Letter, that the industrious Contrivers of her Enlargement suffered her to continue in suspense: and the means they made use of to accomplish that Purpose were as follows.

Osephas had observed that all Day the Keys were left on the outside of the Doors of those Rooms

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which inclosed the Patients, for the Convenience of the Servants going backward and forward with their Allowance of Food and other Necessaries, but that at Night they were all delivered to the Master of the House; on which he watched an opportunity of taking that of *Annilia's* Prison, and making the Impression of it in Wax, which, having the Liberty of going out whenever he pleased, he carried it to a Smith of his Acquaintance, and got one made exactly like it. The Colonel having tried the Lock of his own Door, found he could push it back without any Noise. The Difficulty now lay how to get out of the House-Door, that Key never being left in the Lock. and also how *Osephas*, who lay with one of the Under-Keepers, should leave his Bed without Suspicion; but as there was no possibility of Escaping without some Hazard, he carried this Fellow to a House of Entertainment, where making him pretty Merry with variety of Liquors he brought a Bottle home with him, of a sort which he perceived the other seem'd to like the best of any, saying, they would drink that together when the Family were in Bed; which he, thinking all was safe gladly complied with: and the watchful *Osephas* plied him so home, that he at last fell what is call'd dead drunk upon the Bed, on which they both were sitting. As soon as he perceived him fast, he went softly to his Master's Chamber, who expecting him about this Hour had already pushed back the Lock——they passed

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no time in Talk, but went directly to *Annilia's*, and making use of the Key which *Osephas* had procured, entered, and found the Lady in a sound sleep. In spite of the Danger they were in of Discovery, the amorous Colonel could not forbear wasting some Moments in gazing on the odorable Object of his Affections, thus unseen by her; and perhaps had continued longer in that tender Reservery, had not *Osephas* reminded him, that in indulging a present Delight, he might possibly incur eternal Grief; he was at last prevailed on to awake her, which he did, by gently kissing her Hand: Had not the Letter prepared her for an Encounter of this Nature, the sight of two Men in her Chamber at such an Hour, might probably have throw her into a Surprise fatal to their Designs, and her own Wishes. Be not frightened, said he to her, as soon as she begon to open her Eyes, 'tis *Marathon*, your ever-faithful Slave, who comes to deliver you from this Scene of Woe, of Treachery and Injustic,—all things are ready, haste, my Angel, that I may conduct you hence. *Marathon!* cried she, is it pokble? All things are so, replied he, to Love like Mine; but 'tis not now a Season to relate by what means I am the happy Instrument of Heaven for your Celease—be speedy in preparing your self to go—I will retire with *Osephas* into the Gallery while you put on your Clothes. He staid not for her Answer, but immediately went out of the Room; and 'tis not to be doubted but she

she made as much haste in doing as she was desired, as the Surprize she was in, and the Light of the Moon would give her leave to do; for they durst bring no Light with them for fear of a Discovery.

She had never any other Clothes sent her, than those in which she came: therefore in the same loose Dress in which she was forced thither, did she Escape. Being ready in a very few Minutes, she came out of the Room, where *Marathon* received her in his Arms, and after recompensing himself for the Pains he had taken by a passionate Embrace, which she thought not too great a Favour to be permitted to one, who had done so much to prove his Love and Fidelity, they both followed *Osephas* who knowing the way of the House much better than those who had never traversed it, but when they were led into the Chambers allotted for them, was their Guide and Conductor. It being impossible to get the great Door of the House open, he went into a Parlour, which the Lunatics never being suffered to enter, had no Iron Bars to the Windows, he therefore opened the Shutters, and drawing up the Sashes, got easily out, as did *Marathon*, and from thence lifted the trembling *Annalia*, in his Arms. Being all safe in the Courtyard, but a great Chain being across the Gate, it was thought dangerous to attempt to force that Lock, which could not be done without Noise; it seemed therefore more advisable to climb the Wall, which, tho' it was very high, the Men could do
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with ease all the difficulty lay in getting the Lady over, *but Osephas* contrived it in this Manner: He persuaded his Master to go first, and then by kneeling down, and making *Annalia* set her Feet upon his Shoulders, when he arose and stood upright, she could with her hands reach the Top of the Wall; and Scrupling no Danger which gave her hopes of Freedom, she consented to it, and having a Moment or two upon it to take Breath, she ventured to jump down on the other Side, where the transported *Marathon* caught her safely in his Arms; the nimble *Osephas* was after in a Minute; and all hastily turning their Backs on that detested House, rested not till they arrived at the Colonel's Lodgings. It was here that they had the Blessing, which none but Lovers know of testifying their mutual Tendernefs by a thousand Vows and soft Protestations of an inviolable Affection. But what transposed him almost beyond his Reason, was, that she told him that as soon as Morning arrived, to which it was now but a few Hours, she would put it past the Power of the whole World to separate them for the future, by becoming his by those Ties, which are not to be dissolved but by Death.

Nor did she fail in the Performance of that Promise, which not only her Inclinations, but her Reputation also, as it was with him that she escaped from the Mad-House, induced her to make him. Soon therefore as *Aurora's* Beams proclaimed the coming Day, she sent *Osephas* to some of those
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with whom she had been most intimate of both Sexes, desiring them to come to her immediately to the Place where she then was, bidding him tell them they should hear a Story full of Wonder. The Summons being, either out of Love or Curiosity, readily obeyed, she related to them the whole of her Adventure, and the unexampled Barbarity of her Uncle: and then entreated them to accompany her to the next Church, and see her dispose of herself to the Man to whom she owed her Redemption, and who, she said, by that Service if by no other, had more than Merited her. The Ladies observing her Habit, and having been informed by her, that her Uncle had suffered her to have no other to put on, would have sent for some of theirs; but she would not consent to it, only accepting a Hood and Scarf from one of them, saying merrily, her Bridegroom would not like her the less hereafter, for being ill dressed on her Wedding-Day.

The Ceremony of the Marriage over, all who present at it, by her Desire accompanied her to the House of *Girardo*, and gave a Surprize to that inhuman Man, proportionable to the Crime he had been Guilty of. *Annalia* in mild Terms reproached him with his Usage of her, and demanded the Writings of her Estate, which, said she, are now the Right of my Husband, pointing to Colonel *Marathon*. I shall do nothing, replied he sullenly, till I have had the advice of my Lawyer; then
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you shall hear further from me. Look that it be speedy, said the Colonel, or you must expect to hear from me in a Manner you will have no reason to be pleased with. They had no further Discourse, the new-wedded Pair were as little able to brook the Sight of him, as he was pleased with theirs; and the whole Company adjourned to a House of *Marathon's* Acquaintance, where they had an Entertainment suitable to the Day; after which, he with his dear *Annalia*, retired to his own Lodgings, and there was in possession of the Joy he had so long languished for.

Some Days being elapsed, and *Girardo* not sending according to his Promise, the Colonel gave orders to an Attorney to take such Measures as should compel him to do Justice; on which he offered to come to Terms of Accommodation; the Proposals he made, were to deliver up the Writings, Jewels, Plate and all other Things belonging to *Annalia*, if she would consent to give him a Release for what he had received of the yearly Revenue since the Decease of her Father: to which in consideration of the Tenderness with which he had treated her, till the Time of his going about to force her to a Marriage with his Son; and to avoid the Trouble and Fatigue which attends a Suit of Law, she readily complied, and by delivering all, as soon as she received it, into the Hands of *Marathon*, confirmed him of the Opinion she had of him.

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The ill Success of *Girardo's* Designs, together with the Shame and Disreputation, which the Discovery of his late Proceedings had drawn on him, threw him into a Fever, of which he died, when he was not many Years passed that Age, which is called the Primer His Son *Horatio* being accounted equally blameable, not able to endure the Reproaches which were daily made him, even by Persons the least interested in the Affair, left the Kingdom, and has not since be heard of. May all such base Designers meet the same Fate; let them in Foreign Lands wander unfriended, unregarded, fit Society only for Beasts of Prey: while the Constant and Sincere meet with a Recompence proportion to their Merit, happy in themselves, and triumphant over those who seek, to detract, or to prejudice them.

F I N I S.

